AMUSEMENTS. T THE VANDELL GALLERY, St. ave. & 1915 ...

The Wise and the

Foolish Virgins.

Evenings, Classical Music and Descriptive Lectures.

OPEN BAILY 10 A. M. To 10 P. M.

AUMINATION SO CLEAR.

Sunday, Wednesday and Every Evening 25c.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOURE.

Luder the personal direction of Mr. Menry S. Abbes.

SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. S. at 8.15.

ACADEM STREET, These
dors Bjerksten and Sig. De Anna.

Orand Orchestra of 100 Musicians under the direction of Mr. ADOLFH NEUENDORFF.

Tuesday afternoses, Dec. S. at 8.50, Hofmann Matines.
Thursday evening, Dec. S. at 8.50, Hofmann Matines.
Box Office open for Tuesday and Thursday evening.
Dec. S. at 8.15. Jifft appearance.
Box Office open for Tuesday and Thursday evening.

Last Performance To-night at 8.

DARK SECRET.

25c., 50c. • 75c., 81. Next Week-ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC SPECIAL.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

A UNIQUE COLLECTION RELATING TO OLD

Helmet Fronts of Boys Who Ran with the



Mr. A. G. Smith, in Fulton street, just opposite the Market, has for many years past been the downtown rendezvous of mem bers of the old Volun teer Fire Department. Mr. Smith was a prom inent fire laddie him self, as were his father and grandfather before him, and his lively interest in the affairs of the defunct organization-that is. defunct, except for social purposes-

comes to him naturally. One thing, however, which has contributed more than

anything else to make popular resort for his old comrades, is the fact that he has gathered together, in a little room back of his store, a perfect museum of curiosities and relics relating to the old Fire Department, which has proved of the utmost interest to his visitors.

The collection, of which Mr. Smith is very proud, for he has spent many years in getting it together, contains nearly twenty-five hundred different relics and mementoes. Some of these are very rare and cannot now be duplicated. For instance, there are 694 old helmet fronts for privates, thirty-six white officers' fronts and thirty-four presentation fronts, some of them of colossal size. These last, of course, were not meant to be worn,

last, of course, were not meant to be worn, but were simply intended to be preserved as mementoes. A large one, presented by New Haven to the New York companies on the occasion of a visit many years ago, is a very handsome piece of work printed in oil-color. Then there are 236 metal badges, 835 silk badges and any number of portraits.

Some of the old fronts present the most in teresting features of the collection. One, which is in an excellent state of preservation, belonged to ex-Mayor William H. Wiekham when he was foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 15 and bears his name in full. Another has the inscription "W. M. Tweed," and belonged to the notorious ringleader of the political gang that robbed the city of so many millions, when he ran with the famous "Eg Six." Zopha Mills, Andrew J. Garvey, who was a member of Friendship Hook and Ladder Company, Alonzo Slote, the clothier, and several other gentlemen who have since become prominent merchants or politicians in this city, many of them still living, are also represented by these battered old leather fronts.

also represented by these battered old leather fronts.

The collection of certificates is very interesting, especially to the old volunteers, for it is extensive and goes back as far as 1808, when the blank form was a colored lithogragh. A certificate of 1829 issued to Samuel Y. Smith, is different from any of the others and is believed to be the only one of its kind in existence. One of the oldest fronts in existence is in the collection and is valued at \$100. The original owner is not known. A helmet of the Fifth District Hose Company No. 28, which was a famous organization in the old time is also regarded as a great curiosity, as it is the only one of its kind in New York. Some of the rarest relies are placed under glass cases. One of these is a shrivelled helmet, a piece of hose, with a brass nozzle attached. The former belonged to James T. Laurie, who was killed while attempting an act of unusual daring at the burning of the City Assembly Rooms, 440-46 Broadway, away back in the "fifties."

Among the old prints which have been preserved are portraits of John Decker, assistant-engineer, painted in water solors in 1856, and the only portrait of its kind in existence. A group consisting of Harry Howard and his assistants, taken in 1859, one of the early examples of photographic art; Zophar Mills,

photographic art; Zophar Mills, Balland, Best draw use Adamson's Bot

RELICS OF FIRE LADDIES. and several other famous firemen; a colored lithograph of the old John Street Church, dated 1807, and a fire insurance policy issued in 1787, which is regarded as a great curios.

UNIQUE COLLECTION RELATING TO OLD

NEW YORK BOYS.

Besides there are many curious old documents and reports relating to fire department matters, including a complete set of corporation manuals, thirty-two in number, the first of which was issued in 1841, fire department ment rolls, &c., as well as speaking trumpets and much other paraphernalis of the fire laddies, almost each object having an interesting history.

As Mr. Smith says, the value of the collection, which he has been at such pains to make, is enhanced by the fact that nearly everything in it has been in actual service.

CONEY ISLAND EATEN BY THE SEA.

The Brighton Beach Hotel to be Cut Into Three Sections and Moved Back. The sea has been gradually claiming Coney

Island and the beach to the eastward as its own for the past ten years, and the water's edge is now nearly half a mile further north than it was when the beach first became popular as a summer resort. The a rhalt promenade and the broad

boulevard from West Brighton to Brighton

The archait promenade and the broad boulevard from West Brighton to Brighton Beach was nearly destroyed last winter, and it became evident that the Brighton Beach Hotel must be moved further inland if its owner, the Brighton Beach Railway Company, wished to save it.

It has been decided to take this step this winter. The hotel will be cut into three sections and will be moved back five hundred feet to the line of the front of the race track. The bathing pavilion, which has been twice removed because of the encroachments of the sea, is now again over the water, and it will be removed to dry land also. These changes will be made in time to permit the opening of the resort for next season, and the company will also in all probability build a music pavilion. The change will leave a broad beach in front of the hotel.

Arrangements are also completed by which the Brighton Beach Railway will connect with the Kings County Elevated road at Franklin avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, so that passengers can go from Brooklyn Bridge to Brighton Beach without change.

Changes at the Manhattan Beach property will also be made. Among them will be the conversion of the picnic pavilion between the Manhattan and the Oriental hotels into a hotel.

PORPOISE SHOESTRINGS.

They Don't Break on Sunday Morning When Von are Getting Ready to Go Out.

" I want a shoestring."

This was said in a half querulous tone, as if the young man wanted it in spite of himself and was vexed at his own need of it.

"I wish I could get a shoestring that would not wear out in no time," he continued. "Shoestrings always break on tinued. "Shoestrings always break on Sunday mornings, too, when you can't get another, and just as you are in a hurry getting fixed up to go out. It is no use to get two or three, because I can never tell where I have put them."

Altogether it was a very sad and distressing case of shoestring. It moved the vender of those prosaic articles to a practical sympathy.

of those prosaic articles to a practical sympathy.

"What you want is a porposse-akin string," he said. 'I have had a pair and they have lasted through two pairs of shoes."

The afflicted youth eagerly purchased this wearing pair of shoestrings, feeling that they were wonderfully cheap at 15 cents.

Then the vender went on to explain that in England they utilize porpoise-akins by cutting them up into shoe-strings. These are greasy at first, but the oiliness soon wears off, and they last much better than leather strings.

Hoggishness Acknowledged.

[From Puck.]
Passenger (in crowded oar)—Is this seat en gaged?
Occupant—Don't yer see it is?

Passenger (forefbly removing bundles, placing them on the floor, and sitting down)—Pretty com-fortable kind of a sty, ain't it?

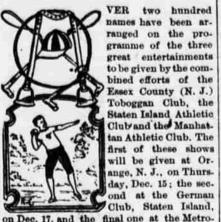
[From Harper's Basar.]
"The pictures from my pen and brush,
Have roused your cestas;
And I'm afraid, dear Lancelot, usq and value
You love my art—not me."

"To that I must at once dissent, O sweetheart fair of mine; You did not catch me with your art— You caught me by design."

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

MANY ENTRIES FOR THE COMBINED AMA-TEUR ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

Houses Sold—The Seventh's Games This Evening—Pugilist Farrell on Blackwell's Island-Stevenson Refuses to Act as Referee in the Dempsey-Rengan Fight,



VER two hundred names have been arranged on the programme of the three great entertainments to be given by the combined efforts of the Essex County (N. J.) Toboggan Club, the Staten Island Athletic Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club. The first of these shows will be given at Or-

on Dec. 17, and the final one at the Metropolitan Opera-House, in this city, on Dec. 20. As rehearsals have been going on for the past fortnight and two-thirds of the houses are already sold, the performances will probably rank with first-class professional efforts.

It is the intention of all square sports in this country not to let the wonderful English light-weight, Jem Carney, depart till they have made a strong effort to show him how well he is appreciated. Carney's final benefit in Music Hall, Boston, will be a tremendous success. Al Smith has engaged Jack Files and George Le Blanche to go on there and give another of their rattling set-tos and a party of well-known club men and better class of admirers of sport in this city are making up a party to go on and take in the fun. Jimmy Mitchell, who is to wind up with the champion, is talking of going over to England with him when he sails. this country not to let the wonderful English

The Seventh Regiment games this evening premise to go on record as the most successful armory competitions ever held.

Frank Stevenson refuses to act as referee in the coming battle between Dempsey and Reagan. Ned Mallahan was satisfactory to both sides, but he is in a position which makes it seem unwise for him to officiate. The meeting on Dec. 9 to select the referee promises to be an interesting one.

Jack Farrell, the feather-weight who fought the Belfast Spider last March, is breaking stone on Blackwell's Island. He was sent up because he raised a disturbance in an uptown restaurant.

uptown restaurant.

In an interview in Chicago yesterday, Bob Caruthers, the St. Louis Browns' crack pitcher, declared that he would not play in St. Louis next year, nor in Cincinnati, nor in any other place but Brooklyn. He said Brooklyn had his release from St. Louis, and he would sign a contract in a few days at a salary of \$5,000. If he did not play in Brooklyn, he would not play at all, but join his brother in business in this city.

Not Bad, But Hanty. (From Harper's Basar.)
Robinson-Do you know, Jonesy, that Brown

Jonesy (jumping into the air)-Who ! what ! when I where! He casted me a liar?

Robinson—Yes; he said you were a mighty good looking fellow, but an awful liar.

Jonesy (getting back to terra firma)—Oh, well, Brown isn't such a bad fellow; a little hasty, that's all.

Not a Parallel Case.

[From the Speech.]
The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile : "I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the pailence of Job."
"No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry,
"but Job wasn't always helped last."

The Whole Family.

WARRINGTON, Us., 200, V.
WM. B. RIKER & SON.
DEAR SIMS: Please send me at once four bottles of
RIKER'S. "AMERICAN LINIMENT" and one bottle
RIKER'S EXPECTORANT (one bottle seems to make a cure
of the WHOLE FAMILY). Inclose \$2. Yours truly,
C. A. ALEXANDER.

PUSHING WOMEN.

There Are Several Kinds; Some Get Along and Some Do Not. [From Harper's Basar.]
The world is full of pushing women, who, not

atlasted with the goods the gods have provided, are still reaching after something else. It does not drive in their carriages, have their names bruited shout in every daily fashiou report, live in ease and luxury, but still, if their nature is pushing, push hey will, and will not be happy in any condition, they will, and will not be happy in any condition, even upon a throne. To be sure, the pushing woman is usually far from the celebrity which she covers. She usually begins by pushing for the necessaries—society, excitement and ducats. Toget herself reconfized in whetever vocation she chooses—if she goes in for licerature, she pushes herself into the foremost ranks, not a ways by virtue of her merits, but by sheer persistence, pertinacity and audacity; if for society, there are no harriers which have proved effectual to keep her out. In travelling she secures the best seat, at table d'hote the best service; first come first served is reversed in her case.

out. In travelling she secures the best seat, at table d'hole the best service; first come first served in her case.

Strange as it may seem, the pushing woman is not always disagreeable; if she were, all her efforts would perhaps come to naught. She may be vulgar, she may be selfish, but she must be amiable; she must know sometaing of human nature, how to manage and cajole her betters, when to push; she must not remember slights; she must not resent snubs, or at least not resent them till she achieves success. No doust in her own inner consciousness pushing may seem a very isudable industry, and she may be inclined to question if it is not as creditable as many other ambitions which the world has consented to believe heroic.

There is, however, the woman who pushes boidly, who does not seek to disguise her warfare, and there is she who oushes suchly and quietly and ably; the last is the artist in her business, and it is perhaps almost a pleasure to be pushed by her, since her ability more or less deserves the place she demands. However we may appreciate the pushing woman, her anxieties and patience, we do not care to know her; we would willingly avoid her society and cut her acquaintance if she would allow it. And although she resembles a beroine of a novel, and we are amused by her difficulties, and her manœuvres interest and instruct us, atili we sympathize with her failures if we do not approve of her success.

file Sweetheart Saved His Life, but She Married Another Man. [ From the Nashville American.] One of the best known men in Nashville owes his

life and success to his sweetheart. He was born and reared on one of the British isles, the son of a prosperous banker. When nearly twenty-one he had a serious difficulty with his father and was bidden never to darken the doors of his ancestral home. It was late at night when he left the home and wandered, along the moor which bordered the family domain. He was prostrated with grief and remoras and determined to take his life. He sat down and took his pistol out. As he reflected, he took a photograph of his sweetheart from an inner pocket of his cost and scanned the well-known features with eyes dimmed with learn. Thinking upon her, hope returned, and he determined to live for her sake, if not for his own. He hastily shoved the weapon into his pocket and prosperous banker. When nearly twenty-one he determined to live for her sake, if not for his own. He hastly shoved the weapon into his pocket and started for the railway station. He came to America and drifted to Nashville. He prospered in business, and is now a highly respected citizen.

Unfortunately the romance ends here. For years he had no communication with his family, and the letters he wrote his sweetheart miscarded, for shortly after he left, her family moved to a distant town. He returned home a few years ago and sought out his early love. She was married and three children played about her knees. He has consoled himself with a fair American, and considers himself one of the happiest of men. But he has never ceased to thank his stars for the girl who once saved his life; that her influence did prevent him from suicide he frankly stated to one familiar with his life.

The Tennessee Girl.

(Prom the New Orleans Picayune.)
One word about the "Tennessee girl." Is there anything in Nashville so gay and pretty and bright as she? Is there any one so fetching and so entic ing? I saw her, a demure listic maiden, with a saintly smile, acting as page at the Temperance Convention; she sat opposite me at dinner, wearing a sik gown, ali filled in above her plump white shoulders and gentle breast with rose-pink tulic that made her look like a new-born Venua. I saw her bending a golden head over her books out at Vanderbilt University, where, by the way, she is to have an "annex." I saw her at the theatre, wearing a black lace gown, with her brown hair in a Grecian knot at the back of her beautiful head; at the church meeting, and preaching "for women only;" in the street; in the achoot; but wherever I I saw her she was lair to look upon, and whenever I am her she led my heart "by just the lifting of her eyea." I think I can hear now her easy-going accents, and her soft young voice. I remember all her fetching little ways and "doings;" her unfailing gentleness and thoughtful courtesy, and whether in the future her face will show under the licht of the electric lamp or under the tangle of Phyllis' fire-dies, I shall drink, while memory lasts, in champagne frappé or farm-house cider, or good old water—to the health and joy of the Tenuessee girl. ing? I saw her, a demure little maiden, with a

## INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it, but it spread with aimost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally we were advised to try the CUTI-CURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was avought, leaving three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred. GEO, B. SMITH. Att'y-at-Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O. Reference, J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

## THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN

are born into the world every day with some eczematous effection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or day druff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a

Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, with a little CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, are often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and per-

pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestow-ing upon them a child's greatest inheritance—a skin without a blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood— should fall to make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Bold everywhers. Price—CUTHURA, 59c, : SOAP, 25c, : RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND DIEMICAL CO., Hoses.

EF Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neural-gic, Sharp and Shocing Pains, re-leved in one minute by the Cutteura Auti-Pain The first and only pain-killing plaster. 2

length, it was determined, so bothersome had it become, that it must die by chloroform. Monday night, however, a juvenile member of Mr. Johnson's family, who was petting the animal, discovered a wips of dry grass protruding from between the nostrils. This was supposed to be a splinter of wood, but when the attempt was made to pull it out, it continued to come until nearly three inches had been captured. Blood followed its withdrawal, but kitty was quite happy notwithstanding, and is now in its normal health. It had swallowed green, and the wrong way, this wisp of common wild grass having a small wheat-like head, so that the wisp stuck in its throat. For two months it tried ineffectually to cough it up, but finally the coughing, it is supposed, drove the grass up late the nostrils and thense into the cartilage, whence it reappeared so strangely M mday night. This experience, we venture to say, has not been equalled by any known cat in the world.

Hypocrisy in Philadelphia Love-Tokens.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)
"I have become a hopeless cynic from my thirteen years' experience as a jeweller," said the fore-man of a leading firm. "I have learned that so such is tinsel that shines as gold that I can only look on the world's splendor as clinquant, hollow tham. Even when the genuine glittering gold plucked from the bowels of rich Potosi and set with gems of purest ray serene, adoras fair throat or rounded arm or tapering finger, it only produces a sentiment of soora for the hypocrisy of human

one becomes engaged, to present his fiances with a jewelled bracelet, which the jeweller rivets on the wrist so that it cannot be slipped off. This is supposed to be a token of the eternal bendage of the wearer to the doner, and a perpetual reminder of fide-ity. But in a day or two the young lady receives a note from the jeweller requesting her to call. When she does so she is shown a secret spring, whereby she can put aside the bond at will. And I have observed," added the jeweller, "that although the fair lady protests against maxing use of the spring, she is delighted to find the secret of it."

Did You Ever Taste Frost Fish?

[From the American Angler.]
Few people outside of the guides and inhabitants of the Northern Wilderness in the State of New York are acquainted with the frost fish of that see tion, for the reason that they rarely ever show

tion, for the reason that they rarely ever show themselves during the summer when the tourists and summer vasitors are there.

In weight they run from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a quarter. Their desh is white and firm and of an excellent quality, and they are even much more sought after than the speckled trout by those who live in the woods. They can only be taken in the fall of the year, when they come into the swift water to apawn, and at that time they are easily captured in large quantities and saited down for winter use by the guides. They are put up in tubs, only slightly saited, and allowed to freeze solid. When wanted for use they are taken from the tub and cooked, usually fried without having been previously freshened, as is the case with most saited fish prepared and cooked in this way. The guides consider them far superior as a table fish to either the brook or salmon trout.

The Coolest Man at His Own Hanging.

[From the Cleveland Leader,]
The coolest man on the scaffold was Lewis Davis, who was hanged in the old Cleveland jall in February, 1869, for the murder of Farmer Skinner ruary, 1860, for the murder of Farmer Skinner. When the witnesses of the hanging were admitted within the prison, Davis was being shaved in the corridor witain a few feet of the steps leading to the scaffold. He arose from the chair and mingled with the crowd of people. He was quiet, and not in the least confused by his dreadful situation. He chatted with this one and that one, and, approaching the big stove, he asked Dwight Palmer what the hour was. Mr. Palmer replied: "Five minutes to 11." "IVs nearly time, isn't it?" said Davis, with a smile, Just then he was called away by the Sheriff.

As he went to the scaffold he was followed by the minister, the Rev. Dr. Washburn, who lost his wife afterward in the Ashtabula disaster. Davis bowed cheerfully to every one he knew as he passed along on his death march, and was to outward appearances far less concerned than any other man in the jall. So he bemeaned himself to the end.

Good Enough to Telegraph Anywhere,

[From the Electric Age.]

Nym Crinkle's story entitled, "In Sheep's Clothng-A Realistic Story of New York Life," that has ing—A Realistic Story of New York Life," that has for a few days past been running in the evening edition of The World, is, so far as we are able to learn, the first serial ever sent by telegraph, the article in question having been wired nightly to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Cincinnait Times-Star, where it was taken on type-writers by those two brilliant operators, Eckert and Brewer. The sending operators who enjoy distinction in this connection are Messrs. Harry Stepfried, who sent the opening chapter, Fred McCrum, Nat Beow and Mr. Griffith.

AMUSEMENTS.

Managers Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, MR. HENRY IRVING MISS ELLEN TERRY and the Locaum Coupany ONIGHT AT 8 OCLOCK.

LOUIS XI. H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. Corner Slat et. and 3d ave. Matines TO-DAY.

RESERVED SHATS,

2Oc.

3Oc.

BEWARE OF SPECULATORS

Dec. 5, Pets Baker in

CHAIR AND LENA.

CIRCON MUSER, 23D ST., BET. 5TH ASTA AVES.
GEN. CUSTRE'S LAST BATTLE
GIRON'S GREAT PAINTING, "DEUX SCURS,"
Concerts daily from 2 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to all, 50c., children 25c.
AJEES—The Mystilying Clies Automaton.

Catarrh in the Head

ger of developing into broughitis or that terribly fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catairh by purifying the blood;

head, indigestion and general debility. I never had faith in such medicines, but concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I con-Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I con-tinued to use it till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." Mrs. J. B. ADAMS, S Richmond st., Newark, N. J. "Hood's Sarsaparilla cured mejof cartarrh, soreness of the bronchial tubes and terrible headache." R. GIB-

The Cat Shored Like a Human Beleg.

[From the Hartford Post.]

The curious experience of a year-old maltese cat, owned by William T. Johnson, of Barbour siteet, is worthy of note. Some two months ago it began a terrible succeing, continuing in sore straits, snoring in its sleep like a human snorer until, at 100 Doses One Dollar

Wausson, Ohio.

HOOO'S Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apotheoaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

100 Doses One Bollar

Sarsaparilla, which cures catair by purifying the moon; it also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health. Try the "peculiar medicine."

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catair with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. READ,

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured melof cartair b. Ginof the bronchial tubes and terrible headache." B. Ginof the bronchial tubes and terri

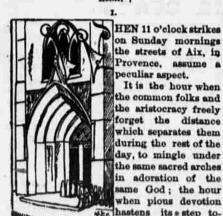
Poole's Theatre, 8th st. and 4th ave.

EVENING AT 8. MATINER SATURDAY AT 2.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. Cor. 6th avea.
Matiness wednesday and Saturday.
DENMAN THOMPSON
in THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 56c., 75c., 61, 61.56.
A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, 188
A and 169 Hester et. The insust variety company in America. Engagement extraordinary. Hughes and Clark, Frankie De Forrest and Southern Serunsders, under management of Billy Speed.

READ NANA.

# EMILE ZOLA'S FIRST LOVE.



on Sunday mornings the streets of Aix, in Provence, assume a peculiar aspect. It is the hour when he common folks and the aristocracy freely forget the distance which separates them during the rest of the day, to mingle under the same sacred arches in adoration of the

me God; the hour when pious devotion hastens its step towards the Cathedral of the Holy Saviour, when the gilded prayerbooks glitter in daintily gloved female

But what characterizes this hour more than all else, what marks it from one end of the town to the other—even to those who have dropped all religious observances—are the long files (like flocks of sheep) of little boys in uniform and girls in white dresses which pass through the streets, two by two, slipping on the wet pavement or grass plots, marching along the rows of old mansions, as cold and cheerless in appearance as tomb-

stones.

The column which has just come into sight at the upper end of the street presents an appearance hardly in accordance with the duty they are supposed to be fulfilling. It is composed of about thirty little boys dressed in bottle-green cloth trimmed with blue, who seem to be trying to hide the ennui of a pious performance under an assumption of profane cheerfulness. They perceive a file of girls in white dresses coming up the street and passwhite dresses coming up the street and pass-ing into the church, and that suffices to lead

astray the opinions of all these young heads as to the real mission of cathedral bells on earth.
"The Notre Dame boarding-school," said "The Notre Dame boarding-school," said a lady to her son, as they ranged the needed a lady to her son, as they ranged the needed as against the door to let the head of the column pass in. The Notre Dame boarding-school occupied the narrow aigle which divides in the centre the scated throng of worshippers.

The last scholar who enters is a young lad about nine or ten years old, his robust form in strange contrast with his timid and profound glances. The mere fact of entering the church seems to greatly embarrams him. His right hand, half hidden in his pocket, trembles perceptibly; he gazes steadfastly along the row of seats occupied by the short white dresses.

He starts.

At the very end of one of the right rows he

At the very end of one of the right rows he has perceived a little pink hat whose coquettish ribbons frame the pretty face of a dark-complexioned young girl.

Now, watch him move right up against the pew where she is seated. He gives a short cough, his hand opens and the back of an attendant standing a few paces in front of him—a back as menacing as if it had eyes—seems to suddenly captivate all his attention. Who would dare suspect this young slyboots of having anything to do with the scrap of paper which falls into the young girl's lap? Assuredly not she. She does not even think of it, and the reproachful glance she casts at a certain St. Thomas hanging in the nave—a St. Thomas painted by a local artist, of such exaggerated incredulity that his entire hand disappears in one of the wounds of our Lord as if in a natural pocket—the reproachful glance she casts at this doubter seems to indicate that she deems him alone capable of playing such tricks with young girls of her age.

And at the same time a manesuvre—unconscious, no doubt, on her part—causes the scrap of paper to disappear between the pages of her prayer-book, on the very spot where she had carefully placed a lace-fringed picture showing a heart devoured by flames, with the words; "Pause, this is Jesus's heart."

It was a perfectly pure liaison, limpid as the southern sky, an epistolary liaison without a vice except, perhaps, an orthographical one, finding sustenance in prayer and fancies; in those subtle nothings which inflame the childish imagination—a glance of the eye; an understood gesture, incomprehensible to everyone else; the charm of the loved one's name resounding the a sweet strain in the midst of a dreamy reverie; the ineffable tortures of love from afar, deprived of the raptures of speech, defrying the beloved all unknown to her, surrounding her forever with mute tenderness, with unsuspected caresses.

For months, during the sultry Sunday

with mute tenderness, with unsuspected caresses.

For months, during the sultry Sunday evenings, a young lad with rosy cheeks and weird eyes might have been seen loitering in the Rue de l'Horloge, under the windows of the old mansion built in the style of Louis XIV., which served for a boarding-school for the young girls in short white dresses, doubt-lessly listening to the rustle of these dresses and wondering which of these three names, the prettiest in the calendar: Marie, Jeanne or Adrienne, might be that of the girl in the pink hat.

He had, at least, the consolation of knowing that she was not ignorant of his. He had signed in all his letters, more than once. EMILE ZOLA. A very sweet name when he came to think about it, this name of Zola, which ought to melt like honey on a young girl's lips. Indeed, perhaps too sweet.

This name gave no inkling of the sorrows of his childish heart, of the revolts of his young being against a lot of things obnoxious to his personal tastes; of his precocious fits of mental depression; of his stout, stolid form which made him lazy and tactium and of those gloomy vagaries which turned on himself and imperiously compelled him to discover what truth, if any, there was at the bottom of all things. No, it said nothing of all this.

"Emile Zola," as he often gave his professor occasion to remark, "was merely the pitiable name of a stout and bashrul scholar, averse to all serious work, very much behindhand for his age, and who surely would never amount to anything."

Emile Zola has grown. He is sixteen years



HE DEPENDED ON THE GRAPES TO TELL HIS STORY.

old. He is at the college of Aix, in the fourth | The pink hat is no longer an abstract and

old. He is at the college of Aix, in the fourth class. During the intervening time the family has sustained a sad loss. His father is dead, and the shadow of want seems already to hover over their home. They have moved from the town to the country, into a dismantled dwelling, surrounded by seven or eight acres of land, on which freely sprouts a luxuriant and wild vegetation.

Grown a little wild, like the grass and the trees of the orchard itself, with a nature at the same time turbid and refined, in which lay dormant as many high aspirations as mere sensations. Emile has reached the age in which the heart imprisoned under the student's gown is apt to become corrupted. But he is so little of a student that he hardly deserves any great praise for resisting the contagion. With him love of nature, of sunshine, and especially of shooting, triumphs over the most persicious examples. When the whistle of the decay birds sounds down there under the dead twigs laid in the direction in which the wind blows. Emile readily forgets the college of Aix.

And yet there is nothing in him left of the little sentimental schoolboy of six years ago. Only one vision remains, pure and perfect, preserved in the inhermost recesses of his heart. That of the "pink hat," that sweet girlish face, the guardian angel of his poetsoul, and the memory of which the years could not efface. It still fills his heart with contains the little sentimental stronger in the little sentimental school had in the direction in the inhermost recesses of his heart. That of the "pink hat," that sweet girlish face, the guardian angel of his poetsoul, and the memory of which the years could not efface. It still fills his heart with

The pink hat is no longer an abstract and isolated phenomenon. It is closely attached to material things. There are thousands like it in all the provinces. At rare intervals he had heard about her. Stupid conversations of neighbors had brought to him, piecemeal, overwhelming revelations. Others beside himself knew of the "pink hat," and knew her better than he. Serious men, commonplace people and indifferent persons—so indifferent that they seemed contemptible to him, approached her without trouble; perhaps, were on intimate terms with her: spoke of her without emotion, calling her "the little such-a-one," just as if it were any young girl and not his own "pink hat."

She was the daughter of a well-known builder of bridges and roads. These things blast a dream!

Despairingly, feeling his vision escaping him, snatched from him by the high social relations of the builder, he held on to it in spite of all, without, however, indulging in any delusions as to the future, and viewing the situation with that heart-pang which he would have felt in following, in his thoughts, a vessel bearing his most cherished hopes towards distant lands from which it would, perhaps, never return.

Unable to keep his secret any longer he one

perhaps, never return.

Unable to keep his secret any longer he one day confided it to his mother. She was just the very person he should not have spoken to about it; mothers having excellent reaction and understanding these sort, of

Thus matters stood when one fine morning our student, occupied at the moment in tracking the game in the woods, heard his mother call him. He ran up, muddied up to his waist, his hair soaking with perspiration and tangled like a clump of wheat after a hurricane. hurricane. He found himself in the presence of two He found himself in the presence of two elderly ladies and a very graceful young girl. It was the "pink hat," but a pink hat orna-mented with all the charms of sixteen sum-mers; a pretty girl, with already budding form, and as little like the boarding-school miss he had known as if she had really re-turned from the distant and unknown lands towards which her image had been steering for years.

jests and no notice was ever taken of it ex-cept as a foolish whim of a sentimental child.

towards which her image had been steering for years.

They saluted each other with a momentary blush, like persons who had never seen one another, and Emile's mother having asked him to pluck some grapes for Mile. Jeanne, he conducted Mile. Jeanne into the garden.

He felt ashamed of being so muddy, so homely, so little worthy of being the object of any pretty girl's attentions. It was a sad shock to his vanity, and revived all his bashfulness, his childish awkwardness.

The time and the place only served to aggravate matters. The almost tropical landscape around them seemed to be sleeping, but in reality was lying in wait for them, with thousand entrancing smares for their steps. Impenetrable foliage, sweet and cool, enveloped them, the thick grass they stirred up sent them, as if wafted by a mysterious fan, intoxicating puffs of sage and lavender; the humming music of insects rose from a thousand invisible throats accompanying their footsteps, singing the mysterious romance of this waning Provencal summer. But no, never would he be able to say even two words to her; he felt it. He weakened at the nerve thought of calling her "mademoiselle;" in each syllable he saw the beginning of an avowal.

Pale, with compressed lips, the sensitive

at the nerve thought of calling her "mademoiselle;" in each syllable he saw the beginning of an avowal.

Pale, with compressed lips, the sensitive youth comprehended that the poignant, tragic avowal of his love would be like a clap of thunder in the midst of this concert of physical delights. For a moment he had depended on the grapes to tell his story, in the way he plucked them, in the manner he handed them to her. She would, perhaps, divine, by the trembling of his hand, that they were not ordinary fruit, good enough to whet a gourmand's appetite, but the grapes divine of his very heart, germinated in the mystery of the Sundays of former times, ripened in the ardent sunshine of his passion; grapes full of grave import and significance.

But, alas! She did hot even see his sombre looks, his despairing attitude; thoughtless girl, she did not see any allusion to the past in these symbolical grapes which he culled with unheard-of precaution, as if it was the most delicate operation in the world.

And all this happened in the most matter-of-fact way; hundreds of golden grapes disappeared between Jeanne's ruby lips without giving the least opportunity for a tear to fall from Emile's swollen eyes; for a sentimental aspiration to escape him of all the many he had massed up in years. It was heart-rending.

When all seemed finished he desperately

when all seemed finished he desperately stammered:

"No, really. I've already abused your kindness. No, thanks."
He did not know what he said, nor what she replied.
"I assure you. I assure you—it is not so." ecrets. His love became a subject of daily

He did not know what he said, nor what she replied.

"I assure you, I assure you—it is not so." He insisted. He would have plucked all the grapes in the garden.

"No, I beg you. It would be too much." She uttered a pearly laugh, and abruptly, though gracefully, turned about. There was the rustling of the pleatings of a white dress on the grass, a final "No, thanks," which gave a commonplace enough ending to the episode, and the pink hat was gone.

Left alone, Emile felt terribly mortified. His presence of mind returned, he realized that he had been nothing but a fool, and, always inclined to be melodramatic, he made a solemn vow, swearing by all he held most sacred in the world—without, however, bothering himself much what this might be—by his wounded self-love, perhaps, to get even with all the girls in pink hats.

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III.

In 1879, on a bright morning in spring, the author of the "Rougon-Macquart" series was seated on a balcony fronting the Mirabeau Square at Aix. The carress from Paris had a short time before brought him to the scene of his childhood's days. He had come to breathe for a few days the air of his native town, to bask in the sunshine, to forget the first town, to bask in the sunshine, to forget the forwerlab struggles of life in Paris in the calm boved Provened country. Octave the source of sourching. There was no tale, however of sourching. There was no tale, however of sourching for the place of sourching for the place of sourching for the place of sourching. There was no tale, however of sourching for the deal with the companion of his youth. Paul C., the artist. This dence of a C. had any number of sourching. There was not become of the second of his many the companion of his youth. Paul C., the artist. This dence of a C. had any number of sourching from the depths of the companion of his youth. Paul C., the artist. This dence of a C. had any number of sourching from the depths of the partist of

cavated miniature of an entire epoch.

Emile Zola liked to listen to this voice, speaking from the depths of forgotten times, of vanished years, gently touching on his own life, lingering on good points, slurring over regretted events, stirring up with precaution oceans of dead leaves he deemed long since scattered in every direction.

"You remember twenty years ago? You remember such a one?"
No, he did not remember. So many things had happened! Life's torments had effaced so many imprints, had reduced to dust so many former wrecks, he had not had the leisure to watch over the heaping up of his recollection. In his hand-to-hand combat with life, with art, with Paris, many things had been forever shattered, and each year which added a wrinkle to his brow effaced a souvenir in his heart.

A funeral procession passed through the public square. It advanced slowly. In the slight rolling motion, imparted to it by the pall-bearers, with heads lowered as in antique bas-reliefs, the coffin, unders its roses and violets, seemed to shake with sobs.

A throng followed, bare-headed, sad and mournful, as are all the funeral gatherings in Provence, where death strikes home the most.

The procession disanneared in the shadow.

most.

The procession disappeared in the shadefled at oldate.

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THE LAST TWO WEEKS.
EVENING ITE. MATING SAFURDAY IT.

of a street, leaving in the square among the halted groups a trail of mute compassion. Emile Zola questioned his friend with

glance.
"It is Mme. V—."
And, as he did not recognise this name, his
friend added:
"You know. Your little 'pink hat.'"
His little "pink hat!" Jeanne! Mar-